



938

206

HMSCHLACHTER





## Entertain in the Modern Manner

For the little private tete-a-tete there's the afternoon tea . . . 4.30 to 6 . . . with musical accompaniment.

For larger gatherings there are Committee Rooms, Convention Halls, Banquet Rooms, Ball Rooms.

And every evening there's the Supper Dance with Horace Lapp and His Orchestra with supporting cast of entertainers.

*Telephone WA. 2511*

THE

# ROYAL YORK

TORONTO

A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL

## *Patronize our Advertisers*

### EXAMS ARE APPROACHING

**HAVE YOU ALL THE  
TEXTBOOKS YOU NEED  
FOR PROPER STUDY?**

**DO YOU KNOW THAT  
SPECIAL STUDENT  
PRICES ARE IN EFFECT?**

*Be Sure You Haven't Overlooked—*

Grant: A METHOD OF ANATOMY

Boyd: TEXTBOOK OF PATHOLOGY

Best and Taylor: PHYSIOLOGICAL BASIS OF MEDICAL PRACTICE

Boyd: SURGICAL PATHOLOGY

Boyd: PATHOLOGY OF INTERNAL DISEASES

STEDMAN MEDICAL DICTIONARY

Markowitz: EXPERIMENTAL SURGERY

Meakins: PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

**THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS**  
BOOK DEPARTMENT

# IMRIE BROS.

## *Shirts*

*Specially imported materials at popular prices*

### THREE STORES

140 YONGE STREET, Corner of Temperance St.  
274 YONGE STREET, Opposite Imperial Theatre  
727 YONGE STREET, Five doors South of Bloor

### *Class Pins, Frat Pins, Dance Favours*

If your Class, Fraternity or other organization wishes a distinctive crest, ring or insignia, we shall be pleased to submit designs without cost or obligation. We are privileged to hold the official dies for many of the leading medical and other fraternities on the campus.

For dance favours, too—allow us to make suggestions that that you will find most interesting.

*The Contract Department*

**BIRKS-ELLIS-RYRIE**

YONGE AT TEMPERANCE, TORONTO

## Spalding Sports Goods

*"Leading the Field"*

Equipment designed and used  
by experts

Tennis - Badminton  
Track and Field  
Hockey - Rugby  
Sweaters

Speedy Silk Swimming Suits  
Sports Clothing

**Toronto Radio & Sports  
Limited**

**241 Yonge St.**

## DOWN BROS. LTD.

LONDON, ENGLAND

143 COLLEGE STREET

**SURGICAL AND MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS**

**BRITISH MANUFACTURE**



## A Toast

*To the Rabelaisian ghosts of Daffydils of the past.*

*To the unborn generations of Daffydils to come.*

*To love, laughter and life.*

*We toast this, another Epistaxis.*

*Ye Editors*

# EPISTAXIS

## AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD

*Conceived in Sin and Shapen in Iniquity*

On February 23, 1938, there was born to the Faculty of Medicine, after a long and arduous labour, a lusty male infant, successor to a long line of Epistaxes and undisputed heir to the Daffydilian tradition.

Father—Not known.

Mother—The Faculty of Faculties—Medicine.

Para 26

Gravida 27

*Note*—There has been some dispute as to the actual number of notorious predecessors which this infant boasts (as he does). Some (of the conservative school) say twenty-six; others claim that there are forty; and still others (with whom we hold) maintain that the line may be traced into antiquity (if not in name then in spirit).

Presentation—Breech (frank style).

Position—L.O.W.

Obstetrical History: This patient has brought forth children of doubtful vintage regularly each year. All labours were definitely abnormal. No history of maternal toxæmia was obtainable but some of the offspring were pretty toxic.

---

## OBSTETRICAL NOTE ON PRESENT DELIVERY

Following upon the birth of the last illustrious child in March, 1937, signs of another expected infant of similar blood, became increasingly evident. For a time a miscarriage was feared, but the May exams. were safely navigated and the pregnancy continued upon its irrevocable course.

In December, the baby being expected on February 23, the obstetricians were called in. At this time no signs of foetal life were obtainable and it was feared that we were confronted with a case of pseudocyesis. However, in a short time signs of life became more evident and a semblance of form could be made out.

The labour was long and difficult. The loud groans audible at this time were not evidence of dystocia but are believed to have originated from members of the faculty. A second version was contemplated.

When finally the infant arrived, it came suddenly and precipitantly and in short order the obstetricians were left holding the bag—or rather left with a baby on their hands.

What to do with the child?

On whose doorstep to leave it?

These were pertinent questions.

And so we pass it on to you.

Nurture it on the milk of human kindness (see Feeding Card) and should understanding be difficult, remember that it takes the Medical mind to understand this Medical child. As a previous editor so aptly put it—

“Every infant gets a little dirty once in a while”.

---

## PRIZE WINNERS

*Cover*—H. M. SCHLACTER, Third Year.

*Best Poem*—W. L. SLOAN, Sixth Year.

*Best Prose*—B. LASKI, Fifth Year.

*Special Thanks*—A. G. TELLSON, Fourth Year.

L. W. B. CARD, Sixth Year.

H. G. OBORNE, Sixth Year.

D. J. A. CARPENETO, Sixth Year.

C. SHEARD, Fifth Year.



## THE MEDICAL STUDENT'S PRIMER

The coke room—TGH—Easily recognisable by its very distant resemblance to the Union Station and by the hordes of Fifth Year men wandering about with a mist before their eyes and a Mr. Murray coke in each hand.

Hart House—A large building, closed to females but populated by multitudinous effeminate Arts men and numerous unshaven, nondescript individuals with loud voices (evidently Engineers). Of no intrinsic value to Meds. Makes excellent scenery.

Chief attractions:

Library—excellent sleeping accommodation.

Pool—swimming (seldom open).

Pool—snooker (play as you pay).

Great Hall—to not eat Great Hall meals in.

Theatre—chiefly used for putting on Daffydil night.

Daffydil—Three large nights at the end of February when reputations are won and lost. A tradition. Also refers to a banquet of fluid proportions following hard by. Not recommended for children or the ordinary run of professor.

The crap game—Anatomy Building—A perpetual performance raided periodically by the University Police. Recognisable by the furtive looks and the sound of dry bones. Originated by the powers of word association.

The Dean—A position—often heard from but seldom seen. Filled from time to time by otherwise illustrious members of the faculty. The wear and tear is terrific and after four years the trade-in value is practically nil.

The Banting—a subsidiary of the TGH housing sundry professors and corpses and a variable number of medical students. The students may easily be distinguished from the corpses on account of they have white coats and no tags on the ankles. The professors are not to be distinguished.

The Hospital for Sick Children—"There is but One God and the Resident is His Prophet".

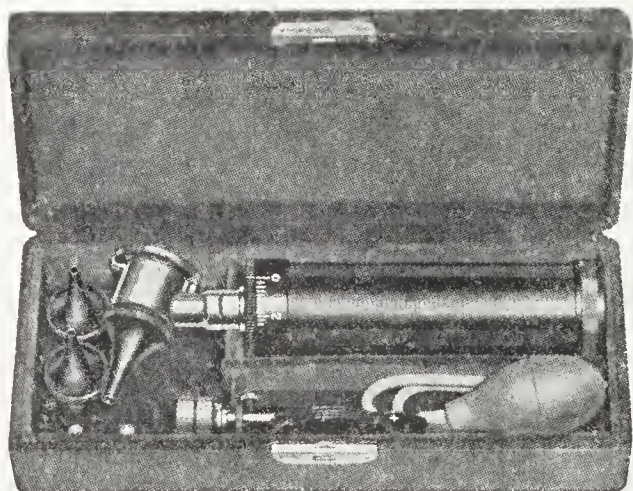
St. Michael's Hospital—the downtown rival of the TGH. Surrounded by taverns and theatres. Noted for its pulchritudinous nurses, its love of Laura Secords (advt.), and for George Wilson (advt.).

The Burnside—otherwise known as Scott's Night Club, 4 shows, 4 nightly (scanty—bright red). Special cover charge to Medical students (\$8.00).

The Meds At-Home—a rosy glow, gorgeous creatures, a rosy glow, swing music, a rosy glow.

W.L.S.-W.G.R.

## WELCH ALLYN INSTRUMENTS

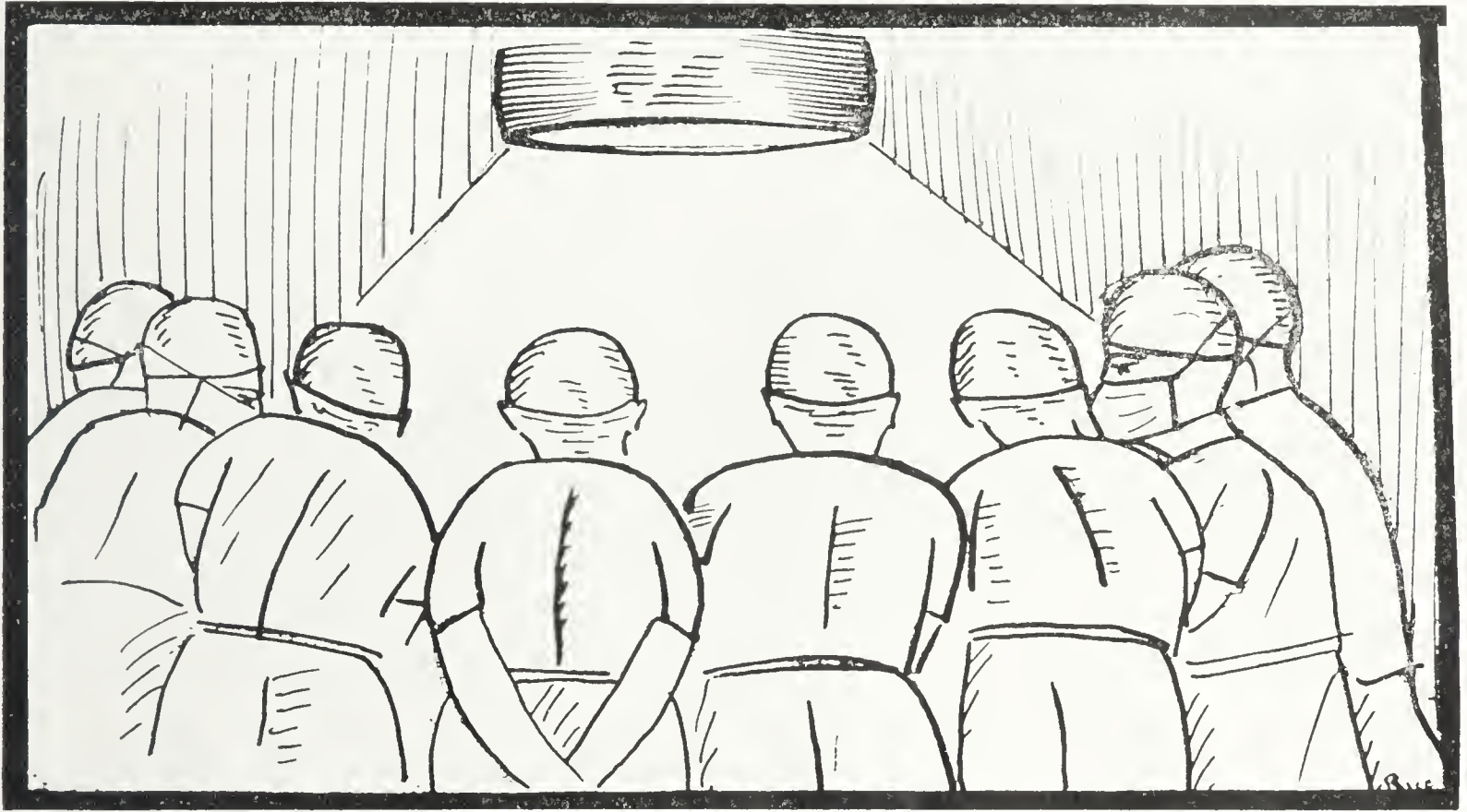


Transilluminators — Laryngoscopes  
Tongue Depressors — Otoscopes  
May Ophthalmoscopes

*The Standard Equipment for  
Early and Accurate Diagnosis*

**The J. F. HARTZ CO., Limited**  
TORONTO MONTREAL





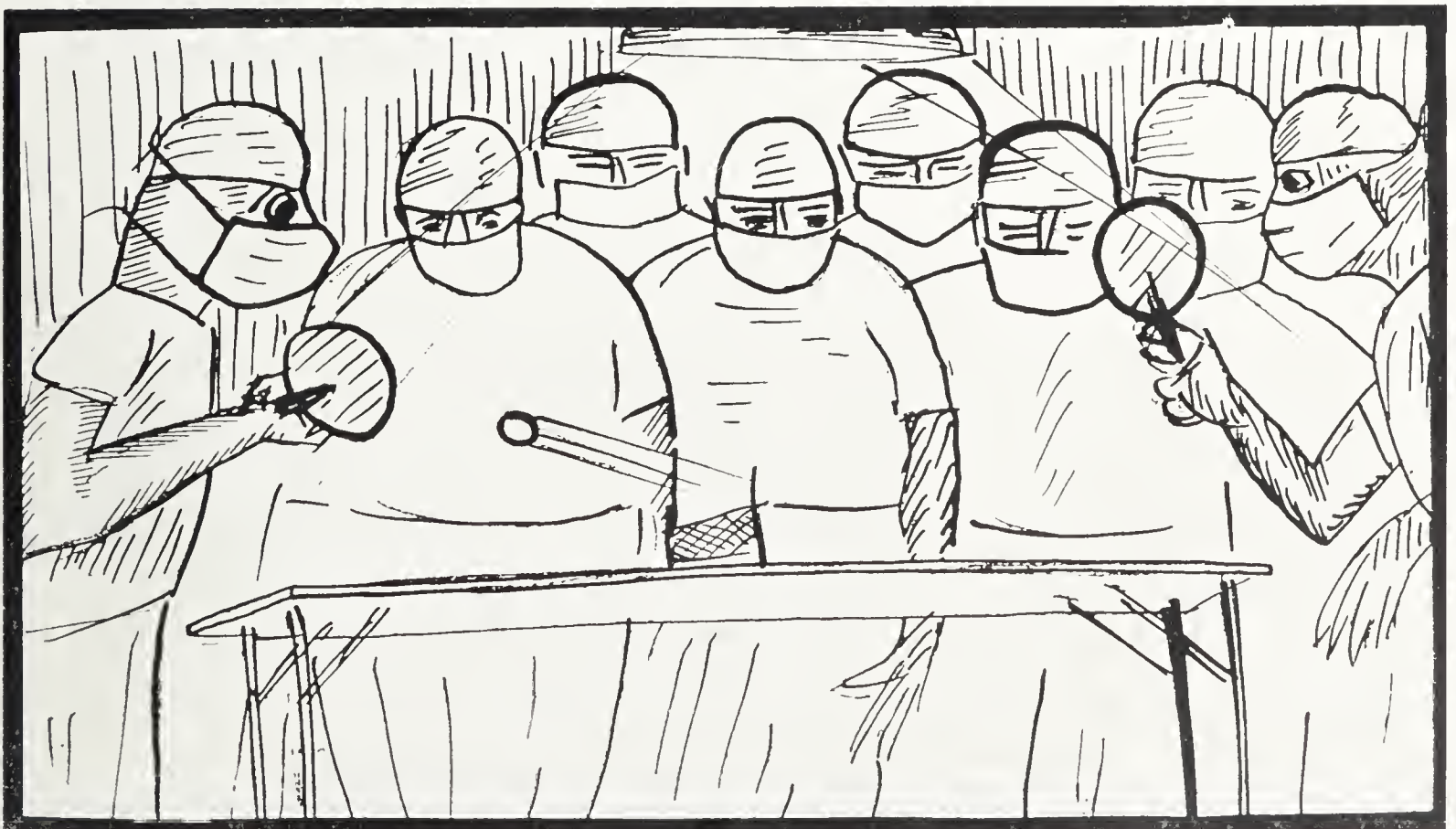
A naive first-year student said, "Damn:  
At last I've found that I am—  
Not descended from Adam  
And his lovely madame,  
But evolved from a species of clam."

---

Scottie—"What nights are ye free, lassie?"

---

There once was a man who said, "God  
Must think it exceedingly odd,  
For three doctors declared  
My life would be spared,  
But here I am under the sod."



## POME

A Medical Student comes to College,  
 To get knowledge.  
 But what he GETS instead, is long instruction  
 In the art of thought-induction.  
 Or, better still, if I may quote from Dr. Farrar,  
 He gets a Thought-Compulsion-Ideation-Complex-Horror!  
 For nothing annoys a Medical Student so much, I fear,  
 As being told that he is going to be taught to THINK, again THIS year.  
 And if you are one of those men, who think that they can teach a Medical Student  
 to THINK—then I feel sorry for you, Mr. Man!  
 Because, about all a Medical Student thinks about, is how he would like to get the  
 hell out of Medical School—as fast as he bloody well can!  
 And while I am sounding off like this, I will say that our teachers draw down  
 salaries.—Well anyway, wages,  
 As sages.  
 And yet derive unholy joy—not to mention glee,  
 By holding up our ignorance for all to see.  
 But our ignorance is no news to *us*;  
 Which is why I'm making all this fuss.  
 For, as I look ahead to basins full of educational soup, and nothing but a fork  
 with which to eat it;  
 I feel cheatit!  
 'Cause what I'd like—In fact what I am *needing*,  
 Is at least one large and sugary spoon-feeding.  
 Having said which, I shall now climb upon my horse, and proceed to gallop madly  
 away  
 'Till May.  
 And so, Mr. Professor—The next time you see your class slumping on its collective  
 spine,  
 Please, PLEASE try to remember, that the shortest distance between two points  
 is a straight line.

C.S.

The typhoid fever carrier is run to earth by public health officials by the care-  
 ful tracing of his movements.

\* \* \*

Stude—Are you belching?  
 Patient—No, I'm Italian.

\* \* \*

*Mistake*

She entered the movies after a brief stag experience.

\* \* \*

And a remark that gets us quite annoyed  
 Is—the early worm gets the Boyd.  
 The next in the library to make that crack  
 Will get—so help me—a knife in the back,

\* \* \*

## WATCH OUT FOR THIS ONE

There was a young miss of Madras  
 Who had a most beautiful ass.  
 Some people may think  
 It was soft, round and pink;  
 But 'twas brown, had long ears and ate grass.

Fooled you that time!



### AIDS TO BACKWARD SIT-DOWNERS

(These choice tidbits are published through the kindness of Miss Fanny Zipperdrawers, author of *Correct Credos for Credulous Chorines* or *What To Do Till The Doctor Comes*.)

Since the advent of the sit-down strike into our social curriculum, the average sitter-downer has been sorely perplexed (especially after the first week) as to what rules of etiquette he must follow. Feeling that it is my duty to poster(ior)ity I have drawn up the following Code of Conduct which hereafter will be known as the Standing-Sitting Sit-Down Rules of 1938 or "shall we sit this one out".

1. It must be realized by the sit-downer that perfection cannot be reached right off the butt but that one must start from the bottom and work up.
2. The greatest asset of the sit-downer is in their posture or stance. After many days of experimental work and observation it has been decided that the most graceful pose is obtained by reclining at an angle of forty-two and a half degrees with the knees crossed and the arms folded across the chest, if you have one. Remember, however, that the assiduous sit-downer will put beauty into his work and enjoy life much more by varying his or her position.
3. It is very essential, especially in strikes of long tenure, to change the position every twenty minutes as the continued sitting in one position is likely to produce "Ossification of the Buttocks" or as it is known by the laity, "Boulder Dam".
4. I have adopted the following conventional poses and these may be adhered to without danger of offending the proprieties.
  - (a) *The Pisa Pose*—To assume this position you lean gently to one side, rest the weight on one buttock. N.B.—Do not remain in this one too long a time as it is likely to lead to Assymetry of the Gluteal Region.
  - (b) *The Hepburn Haunch*—This was invented by an Oshawa mechanic and is synonomous with the Ford Flop. In this the sitter sits on a very low stool with his chin resting on his knees. As it is liable to lead to undesired complications it has been discarded as unethical.
  - (c) *The Afghan Squat*—Also known as the Sitting Bull. It consists of spreading the knees far apart with the ankles crossed. It is not recommended for ladies sitting opposite gentlemen.
  - (d) *The Thinker*—This may be assumed as an alternative to (b) as it is much more easy on the assignee.
  - (e) *The Bah!* or Oh Yeay (described in 2) is a pose of defiance which has gradually fallen to the rear in favour of the more subtle positions.
  - (f) *The Twisting Twirpee* (for advanced sitters)—The sitter puts his arms around his knees and twirls on his axis or posterior thus causing better circulation of blood and giving exercise. Two pant suits must be provided and the girls may use a plate. N.B.—Larger plates will be needed as the strike progresses.
5. As prophylaxis against "Satchelitis" or "Spreading" some employ a small bowl or a rubber tube but this is hardly cricket. (The Fluffer's Form or Cushy Seat Corset are suggested for lady sitters.)
6. Such aids as pillows or hassocks are thought to be very "de trop".
7. The striker must not rise on the appearance of an employer. If a man, the hat should be removed and held against the left breast, at the same time giving a loud "bird". A lady merely performs the latter part of the act.

B.L.



## INTRAVENOUS

It takes a wizard or a gen'us  
To find a vein for intravenous!

\* \* \*

Enters the Doc. (Professionally)  
An interne with a tournquet.  
He ties it, saying "Close your hand."  
He waits to see the vein expand.  
He gives the arm a gentle twist,  
And fumbles lightly near the wrist,  
And says "I think we'll try it here!"  
With needle set he makes a spear.  
The vein side steps, and oh, alas!  
He has to make a second pass.  
This time a higher spot he'll choose.  
Another stab—another bruise.  
But hopeful still, the man in white  
Commands the patient—"Close it tight!"  
Three times and out—still there's no harm—  
The patient has another arm!

(With chin set firm and steady tread,  
The doctor walks around the bed.)

Once more the rubber band he ties.  
And seeks a vein with searching eyes.  
"We'll find one now", he sighs, "or bust"  
Anon—he takes a vicious thrust.  
Distressed he pierces, stabs and spears  
(The patient is reduced to tears).  
Then trying hard to hide his shame  
He talks about the rugby game.  
(That touchdown was as nice a play  
As Doc had seen for many a day!)  
And as he talks he tries again—  
And accidentally strikes a vein.  
And when there flows life-giving fluid,  
The patient asks "How did you do it?"  
"Have veins no stationary course,  
That you could trace them to their source?  
Does study of phlebology  
Not aid the man with tourniquet?"

\* \* \*

May heaven send us men of science  
Who show some skill with this appliance!

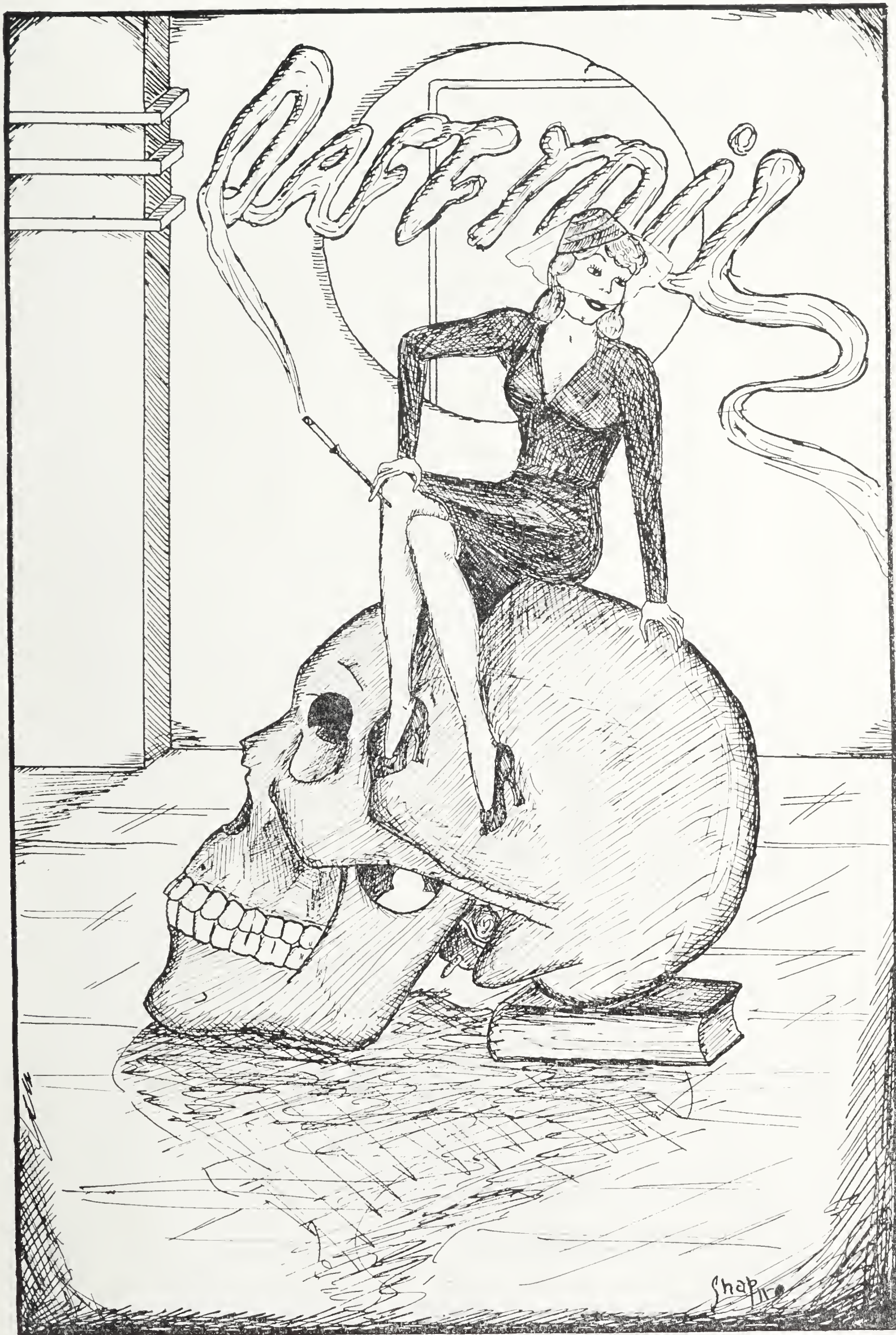
(Being a play by play report by the patient.)

M. J. SCOTT.

\* \* \*

The woods are full of couples who don't pet in parked cars.







## ODE

*Once every year, there comes to plague this world  
 A happening fear'd by all who know its force;  
 A cosmic challenge to the beast in man—  
 Which for the greater time is happily stilled.  
 Yet you, Freudian, know it lingers there,  
 Deep seated, in the inner consciousness,  
 Waiting for stimulus to free its bonds  
 And let it revel in the obscene delights  
 Of Bacchanalian orgies of desire.  
 For, while we may ignore this dormant self,  
 Which craves the rawest sensuality,  
 Yet it betrays us. For who can resist  
 The chance to feed it on such fruity fare?  
 Not you of Vic., or S.P.S. or Dents.,  
 Or you of Forestry, or Household Ec.,  
 Even the blushing co-ed. slips inside;  
 That she may satisfy, in darkness hide,  
 The less polite part of her pretty mind.  
 What! Stranger, know you not what of I speak?  
 From what far world have you arrived here,  
 That you should still be unacquainted with  
 Our yearly plunge into the slimy depths  
 Of Sin and Sex in all its nakedness?  
 I speak of an event that I had thought  
 Was known to all the scattered universe.  
 It is our pride, our joy, our shame, our DAFFYDIL.*

C.S.

---

There was a young lady of Ealing,  
 Who thought her friends very unfeeling;  
 When she had scarlet fever  
 They wouldn't receive her,  
 So she called on them when she was peeling.

---

Mrs. Austin is not having any more Baby Austins.  
 She has a new Dodge.

---

There was a faith-healer out Keele  
 Who said, "Although pain isn't real,  
 When I sit on a pin  
 And it punctures my skin,  
 I dislike what I fancy I feel."



BY PERMISSION OF THE SYNDICS OF HART HOUSE THEATRE

# The Daffydil Committee

ON BEHALF OF

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PRESENTS

# DAFFYDIL NIGHT

Founded 1895

## Committee of 1938

Chairman.....	J. H. Baillie
Vice-Chairman.....	A. G. Smith
Secretary-Treasurer....	W. L. Sloan
Editor.....	W. G. Rice
Assistant Editor.....	G. D. Temple
Business Manager.....	C. C. Gray
Art Editor.....	K. Shapiro
Business Managers....	C. Sheard
	B. Laski
Banquet Manager.....	P. Kinsey

Stage Manager.....H. Little  
Musical Director.....T. West  
Ladies' Representative. Jean Lang  
Year Representatives:  
1st.....Al Mottram  
2nd.....Bill Hair  
3rd.....H. Bolley  
4th.....L. Stirrett  
5th.....J. Rathbun  
6th.....D. Graham

Director . . . . . George Young

## ORCHESTRA

VIOLINS: I. E. Gordon, D. Horwitz, M. E. Hall, J. C. Allison, J. C. J. Perras,  
H. M. Schlachter.

SAXOPHONE: E. J. Corsini, G. M. Downing, L. McLaughlin, B. McEwen.

TRUMPET: D. McKessock, B. Mack.

TROMBONE: C. M. Routley.

PIANO: G. A. Gold, O. Hoffman.

DRUMS: C. Sheard.

## MEDICAL STUDENTS!

## *We Solicit Your Business*

THE BEST QUALITY SUPPLIES ARE TO BE HAD AT

# INGRAM & BELL LIMITED

**256 McCAUL STREET, TORONTO**



The Medettes Present  
 ‘ ‘ R E V I V A L   S H O W ’ ’

OR

‘ ‘ F I C T I O N S   O F   T H E   P A S T ’ ’

Our first idea was to show you some real history, but we were afraid that our audience would be unable to take such heavy stuff on a night like this! So, as all the best directors say, the characters of this drama are entirely fictitious . . . thank God!

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dr. Ticklepuss.....	Pearl Gould
Mr. William Spillswill.....	Florence Griffiths
Lady Students: Misses Penelope Huntington Potts.....	Macia Campbell
Eliza Swoonsdown.....	Charlotte Horner
Agatua Steelebustle Smythe.....	Bessie Stern
Hepsibah Maybee Witherspoon.....	Jean Lang
Nurse.....	Deborah Polowin
Interne.....	Hazel Hellyer
Mrs. Maggie O'Toole Spillswill.....	Vera Binnington

SCENE: A ward of the Magillicuddy County Hospital in the year 1893.

First Year Comes Out With  
 T I M E   M A R C H E S   O N

T H E   C A S T

Announcer.....	John Maroosis
Dr. Brinkley.....	Les Mottram
Mrs. Dr. Brinkley.....	Lou Douglas
Dummy.....	Sam Ginsberg
Shepherd.....	D. M. Deacon
Shepherd's Son.....	Leon Goldenberg
Mr. Rash.....	A. Parks
Mr. Orchids.....	Tom Dixon
Miss Smith.....	George Irwin

DANCING

FLOOR SHOW

EVERY EVENING

*"Special Rates For Parties"*

T H E   S I L V E R   S L I P P E R

Resv. LY. 5122

Free Parking



Second Year Gives You  
 A TALE OF THREE CITIES  
 OR  
 LOVES LABOURS LOST

Neither by Shakespeare

D. Bryce  
 W. Hair  
 C. Robson  
 K. Shapiro  
 C. Stephens  
 J. Weingarten  
 C. McGowan  
 P. Statten

The names and characters in this play are entirely fictitious.

SCENE I. Boudoir of Her Ladyship at the family seat.

SCENE II. Boudoir of Madame La Comtesse at the ancestral chateau.

SCENE III. Boudoir of the Realdough country estate, "Beer-Case-By-the-Sea".

41

EXPOSES

?

D. Albertson  
 M. Ashworth  
 A. Baker  
 H. Bolley  
 B. Herman

L. Kramer  
 L. Mark  
 S. Pomer  
 I. Schiffer  
 B. Winter

ONLY IN PHOTOGRAPHS  
 Will College Days Always Be Remembered  
 FREELAND STUDIO, Portrait Photographers  
 Kingsdale 0304 89 Bloor Street West



Fourth Year Presents for Your Perusal

‘ ‘ THE GREAT RUSSIAN TRAGEDY ’ ’

As conceived by Prowse, Probert and Stirrett.

Verse by Probert and Tellson.

Music by Northover and Stirrett.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dr. Enod Herearoff—Scientist.....	R. I. Probert
Mr. Claude Herearoff—his son.....	L. E. Prowse
Tramp.....	A. G. Tellson
Iva Figger—an exotic female.....	M. L. Rotstein
Iver Knumber—friendly fellow.....	R. S. Harris
Joe Bahlz—sign man.....	J. A. Hildes
Cleopatra—also exotic ???.....	R. L. Stirrett
Goon—a silly thing.....	G. W. Lindsey
Henry VIII—Bluff King Hal.....	W. L. McGill
Society Nell—first corpse.....	M. L. Rotstein
Peter Headoff—second corpse.....	W. L. McGill
Sheriff Shewel—third corpse.....	G. W. Lindsey

Fifth Year Goes Currently Corrupt With

‘ ‘ MIGRAINE IN SPAIN ’ ’

SCENE I—A tavern in war torn Spain.

SCENE II—A conference somewhere.

SCENE III—An operating room in the same place.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Andrea.....	Hail Selassie
Hallam.....	a soldier
	Mussolini
	an interne
Kinsey.....	a soldier
	an interne
Laski.....	Mata Hari
	Stalin
Lawson.....	a soldier
	a telegraph boy
	an interne
McLatchie.....	a waiter
	Le Bum
	an interne
Rathbun.....	a soldier
	Hitler
	an interne
Sheard.....	General Anaesthesia
	Chairman
	a chief surgeon
Taylor.....	a soldier
	Eden
	an anaesthetist
Wales.....	a soldier
	an interne



Sixth Year Presents  
“FUN WITH THE FACULTY”

THE CAST  
(In order of appearance)

First student.....	Pete Baillie
Second Student.....	Alex Smith
Third Student.....	Bricky Sloan
Professor Duncan Graham.....	Bruce Vale
Professor Gallie.....	Turney Williams
Dr. Stew Thomson.....	Joe Howes
Dr. George Ewart Wilson.....	Pete Baillie
Dr. Roscoe Graham.....	Alex Finlayson
Professor Wm. Boyd.....	Ken. Hawthorne
Dr. Wm. Magner.....	Sid Sheffer
Professor J. C. Boileau Grant.....	Don Graham
Dr. Beverley Hannah.....	Walt Rice
Professor Alan Brown.....	John McCabe
The Nurse.....	Harry Taube
Dr. Van Wyck.....	Laurie Hessin
Dr. “Dynamite” Campbell.....	Red Brebner
Dr. Fletcher McPhedran.....	Miller Fisher
Professor Wm. Scott.....	Alf. Auerback
Professor V. E. Henderson.....	Larry Card

A smart obstetrician called Mann  
Formulated a very fine plan,  
And devised a rotator  
To replace the Creator,  
Which he uses whenever he can.



**OLYMPENE**  
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

WRITE FOR A  
FREE SAMPLE

Antiseptic - Healing - Soothing  
**FOR ALL MUSCLE PAIN**  
CORRECTS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Drop a postcard to Dept. E.

Two Sizes  
4 oz. 50c - 10 oz. \$1.00

**NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LIMITED**  
TORONTO                      Established 1854                      CANADA

The congregation of a little church gave a free-will gift of \$50 to their minister who had just been initiated into the glories of parenthood. Before the service, one deacon whispered to another, "I'll bet he thanks God for the money before he does for the baby."

The minister began to pray. "Our Father," he said, "We thank thee for this timely succor which Thou hast sent us."

The deacons still don't know who won the bet.

---

A cholecystic old lass of Calcutta  
Was told by her doctor, "No butta";  
"If you do, you'll have pain  
And start belching again,  
And they'll carry you here on a shutta."

---

Dear Editor:

I am a Fifth Year Medical student at the University of Toronto. Last night I was faced with a rather unusual problem of etiquette wherein the Rules for Correct Procedures at All Times (Medical Edition) completely failed me. In case it should happen again, please tell me what to do.

While I was examining a patient on the seventh floor at St. Michael's Hospital, I turned momentarily to look at a street brawl in the alley below. When I turned back I found a husky, lusty, reddish-pink infant in the bed. Now, at this point, I became completely bewildered as to what I should do or say. The following possibilities suggested themselves:

1. Assuming an apologetic manner I could have said, "Pardon me, madam, but I think you dropped something"; or along the same line, "Excuse me, lady, but is this yours?". The nonchalance of this course, rather alarmed me.

2. With an afternoon tea lilt, I might have whispered, "Don't look now, but I think that you have just had a baby". Where to go from that point in the conversation was a bit difficult.

3. I could have assumed the joking attitude and roared with feigned amusement, "Ha! ha! ha! You do the funniest things, Mrs. Jones, Ha! ha!"

4. I could have quickly rushed off and found a pulchritudinous (not a skin disease) nurse, to handle the situation.

So you can see the situation in which I found myself. And in case I should ever be in such an embarrassing position again, I am writing this to you, so that I may in future know the accepted handling of such situations. None of the textbooks on Obstetrics are of any value.

Yours truly,  
PERPLEXED.

---

"Make an effort to tone down your play."  
Last year we heard the Dean say,  
But if it's kept clean  
Express for the Dean,  
Then the darned thing won't pay.

---

Copied from the Dean's Report:

The Department of Pathology.....has been pleased to assist the  
.....School of Embalming by offering the facilities of the Depart-  
ment.....and the success of the undertaking seems assured.

LARRY.



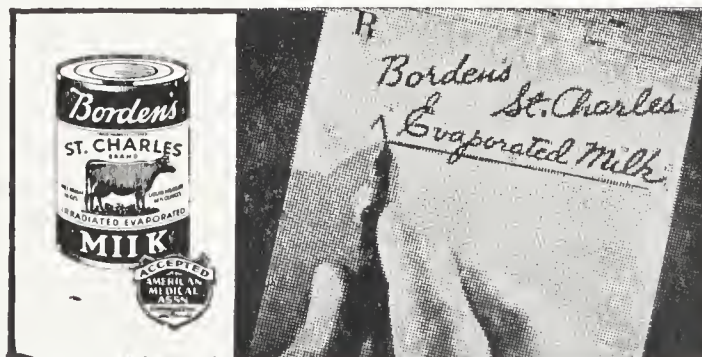


**FLOSSIE'S RIGHT . . .** they're very free with their compliments, the men who inspect the farms from which Borden accepts milk. Work, these men say, is a pleasure—reviewing rows of plump bovine beauties and exploring spotless barns and clean watering places.

These frequent inspections, plus laboratory tests of every milk batch, are all part of the strict system of control that safeguards the quality of Borden's St. Charles irradiated evaporated milk.

**"BORDEN'S" on the Prescription . . .** is the precaution thousands of doctors take when advising irradiated evaporated milk for babies. It guides mothers who may not know the extra safeguards that protect all Borden products.

If you are not familiar with Borden's St. Charles Evaporated Milk, unsweetened, write The Borden Company Limited, Yardley House, Toronto, Ontario, for professional literature and samples.





"WHICH ONE OF YOU IS MR. JONES?"

There was a young maid of Ostend  
Who swore she'd hold out to the end.  
But a summer vacation  
Reduced discrimination,  
And she did what she didn't intend.

\* \* \*

Troop 20 has another set of Eagle brothers. They are John and Henry,  
twin sins of Dr. and Mrs. E. Elwood.

\* \* \*

There was an old man of Bulgaria  
Who suffered dull pains in an area,  
Which we usually don't name  
Through a false sense of shame,  
But they shout it right out in Bulgaria.

## Medical Arts Barber Shop

Ladies' and Gent's  
Haircutting a Specialty

## Y NOT EAT AT LAWRENCE'S

New System Lunch  
Quality—Purity—Service  
10 College St., Toronto  
Kingsdale 3284



## AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT H. J. CODY

Dr. H. J. Cody,  
Whitney Hall,  
U. of T.

Dear Henry:

On behalf of a long succession of suffering Sixth Year Medical Students, we wish to register a complaint about the alleged beds reserved presumably for our use in the Burnside.

No doubt, they were originally intended for some useful purpose, but as far as sleeping is concerned, they are about as comfortable as a bed of lava or a relief map of the Andes, which they so closely resemble in consistency and contour.

It could be argued that our duties while resident at the Burnside, leave little opportunity for sleeping (women being notoriously inconsiderate about such details). But its very scarcity makes what may be had the more essential.

No doubt, Queen's men could find some use for these monstrosities (it being a well-known fact that Queen's men seldom use beds for sleeping purposes). But we of Toronto are cast of a different mould. At least we were, until we had attempted to sleep in those beds. Now we feel as though we had been cast in a crankshaft or, what is more useful, a corkscrew.

If you cannot see your way clear to having these menaces to the public safety relegated to the Royal Ontario Museum, where they belong, we would humbly suggest that a preliminary course be instituted in which the victims could practise sleeping in a hammock, filled with bricks and suspended between two alternately swaying poles.

May the iron never enter your soul as deeply as the springless springs do our backs.

Hoping you are the same,

BEDSORE

---

There once was a specialist, Sims,  
Who, acting on one of his whims  
Inserted a spoon  
To the mouth of the womb  
So they named the first speculum Sim's.

**GOLDEN CREST**

Toronto's newest and finest Milk by

*City Dairy*

KI. 6151

## IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEW

The following interview suggested itself on noticing the striking resemblance of the Professor of Medicine to the classical conception of the Father of Medicine (even to the quizzical wrinkled brow).



Hippocrates—Well, my fine friend, how is the practice of medicine after 3,000 years?

Duncan Graham—Pretty terrible, Hippocrates, pretty terrible. The students to-day rely too much on mechanical methods—too many laboratory procedures—too many X-rays—too many machines. They've no brains, Hippocrates, no brains. Why they hardly know how to use a stethoscope.

Hippocrates—A stethoscope? What's that? I don't remember a contraption by that name when I was practising.

Duncan Graham—Skip it. As I was saying, the students to-day seldom think. Technicians are all they can be called. Oh, for the good old days—when a urinalysis and a blood count were the only laboratory procedures.



Hippocrates—I am unfamiliar with your terminology. What is a blood count?

Duncan Graham—Oh nothing, nothing at all. Forget it.

Hippocrates—I have a rather interesting case here—In Larissa a young unmarried woman was seized with a fever of the acute and ardent type.

Duncan Graham (aside)—Nurse, where are the temperature charts?

Hippocrates (continuing)—Insomnolency, thirst, tongue dry and sooty, urine of a good colour but thin.

Duncan Graham (aside)—I hope the junior interne did a urinalysis.

Hippocrates—On the third day alvine discharges copious, watery and greenish.

Duncan Graham (aside)—Shucks, I'm stuck (aloud) I don't think much of that statement.

Hippocrates—On the sixth a great haemorrhage from the nose.

Duncan (aloud)—Epistaxis? A vile rag, indeed!

(Editor—I was afraid of that.)

Hippo—A chill with copious and hot sweat all over.

Duncan (aside)—I had a student at a lecture in the same condition yesterday.

Hippo—Throughout she was oppressed with nausea and rigors; redness of the face, pain of the eyes; heaviness of the lids.

Duncan—From that my diagnosis would be the Fifth Year the morning after the Meds at Home.

Hippo—Quiet please (continues) She had no relapse; the fever came to crisis. What is it, Duncan?

Duncan (scratching his head)—This is a tough one; no fever charts, no blood work, no urinalysis, no orthodiagram, no electrocardiogram, no auscultation, no blood chemistry, nothing done. Sounds like a surgical case. I'd better call in Dr. Gallie. On second thoughts I am not impressed with that suggestion. (aloud) I give up. Let me see the X-ray.

W.G.R.

## B E C K M A N ' S

### *“Treatment in General Practice”*

● THIRD EDITION, REVISED and ENTIRELY RESET ●

Published February, 1938; 787 pages; \$11.50

THE LONDON LANCET says: “This book or its equivalent should be in the hands of every physician—and we have not yet come across its equivalent.”

## McAinsh & Co. Limited

388 Yonge St.

Dealers in Good Books Since 1885

Toronto



"MY TROUBLE CAME FROM AN INFECTED HEEL"

## ODE TO CAUTION

### PROLOGUE

We feel we ought to warn you that a new drug is in use  
And we hope the lines that follow will inhibit its abuse.

#### I

Now the germ that used to mock us  
Was the loathsome gonococcus  
Since its habits were, in spite of us, obscure;  
And a chronic urethritis,  
Or a G.C. salpingitis  
Was, to say the least, most difficult to cure;  
For no local application,  
Salt or drug or irrigation  
Ever reached the diplococci where they'd hide  
And we'd shrug our shoulders lightly  
And say "silver nitrate-nightly"  
Till we found the potent sulphanilamide.  
So its Prontylin  
To expurgate your sin  
And wipe away the traces of infection;  
You go blithely on your way  
Knowing there's no need to pay  
For the pleasure of an evening's indiscretion.



## II

With the haemolytic streps  
 There was no use taking steps  
 To try and curb them in their dread invasion;  
 For a horrid kind of fate  
 Very often lay in wait  
 For the simplest superficial skin abrasion;  
 Scarlet fever took its toll,  
 Septicaemia topped them all,  
 But this deadly dye has scattered them in flight;  
 Septic throat and erysipelas,  
 That often used to cripple us  
 For weeks, are forced to vanish over night.  
     So its Prontysil  
     Whenever you are ill,  
     Streptococci have their weakness like Achilles;  
     You can tell your friends who sorrow  
     To cheer up, that by to-morrow  
     They can celebrate instead of sending lilies.

## III

So before we're old and gray,  
 There will no doubt come a day,  
 When with Prontylin we'll cure your every lesion;  
 Nephritis and mastitis,  
 Chorea and phlebitis,  
 Psoriasis, post-operative adhesion,  
 Dandruff, warts and fallen feet,  
 Worms and virus, spirochaete,  
 This panacea will no doubt demolish,  
 For this mighty medication  
 Will destroy all inflammation,  
 And even neoplasm will abolish;  
     So its Prontylin  
     And Prontysil its kin,  
     That's utilized for every diagnosis;  
     These fast-reacting cousins,  
     Cure diseases by the dozens,  
     And give everyone a roseate prognosis.

## EPILOGUE

We only hope it stops in time to heed this one condition;  
 That in its deadly wake it leaves the practising physician.

W.L.S.

S H I R T S

H A T S

COLLEGEWEAR

*for smarter men's furnishings*

453 YONGE STREET (at Carlton)

TORONTO

## WAR !

On Oct. 10, 1937, a bombshell was thrown into the Faculty of Medicine. The students, long used to having the ante upped on every occasion, were not prepared. Quite the contrary. Over a long period of years the medical student had become used to paying more for less and more and more for less and less. His fees had been raised, Hart House fees raised, Medical Society—up one buck—Daffydil prices raised, At-Home prices were raised—in fact the only thing that they hadn't raised was the Devil (—comes a revolution—but that's another story). In fact the medical student had developed a conditioned reflex (Pavlov, 1900—Who says you don't get anything out of Epistaxis?) about the whole thing. Every time a medical student saw a new notice on the bulletin board he took two dollars out of his pocket and walked into the Bursar's office. If he didn't have two dollars, he borrowed a quarter and went to the poolroom.

The bombshell was in the form of another notice—it read:

*“On and after Oct. 14, 1937, all medical books will be REDUCED 10%. In other words a Materia Medica which sold for two and a quarter will now sell for two twenty-five and a Boyd's Pathology which sold for ten dollars will now sell for nine forty, giving you a sixty cent discount, since sixty cents is 10% of the price of Bigger's Bacteriology and the price*

*(Editor's note—comes the counter revolution)*

*of twelve refills and two packages of index cards and we hope you get the idea.*

*(Signed) HERMAN SNAUFFENSHMOOSER,*

*Mgr. University of Toronto Mess.”*

This document was witnessed by twelve persons including two psychiatrists and a notary public, all of whom declared Snauffenshmooser to be sane but somewhat eccentric.

You can well imagine the furore and confusion into which this threw the student body. All over the building little groups of students might be seen holding two dollar bills in their hands. “Does THIS mean the course is now SEVEN years?” was the most frequent query. A few who realized the full meaning of the notice were struck speechless and six were treated for shock at the emergency wing of St. Michael's. (Yeah! I've seen the nurse there, too. Ed.)

But this was but the beginning. The next morning at each entrance to the Medical Building was stationed a beautiful girl dressed in a bathing suit (don't wake me up now) who handed each incoming student a 24" x 18" desk blotter with leather corners, on which was printed:

“Brain Brothers, Yonge Street

Will give a discount of 10 to 20%

and Free premiums with all purchases of medical books at their store.

—with a \$1.00 purchase we will give \$1.00.

—with a \$2.00 purchase we will give the phone number of the girl who hands you this blotter.

—with a \$10.00 order we will give you a gold cigarette lighter worth \$27.55 wholesale.

—with a \$25.00 purchase we will give you a suit with two pair of pants.

—with a \$50.00 order we will give you a deed to Whitney Hall.

—with an order for \$100.00 or more we will make you a partner in our business.”

And the war was on.

The Mess retaliated by offering to:

—fix a summons with \$10.00 worth of books.

—get a set of tires for your car with \$25.00 worth of books.

—provide a hangover for \$50.00 worth of books.

—give you \$110.00 cash with \$100.00 worth of books.



Brain's then offered to :

- buy you a car with \$25.00 worth of books.
- cure the hangover with \$50.00 worth of books.
- give you the store with \$100.00 worth of books.

And so matters stand.

As we go to press Brain's are leading by a slight margin in attracting the student trade and in an exclusive statement to your reporter, Nogotz Brains, manager, told your reporter, "Sure! I'm losing money every day—but look at my turnover".

STOP PRESS NEWS—In a last second statement we have it on reliable authority that the Mess is offering free tuition for six years, two years postgraduate study in Edinburgh, an F.R.C.S. degree and a suite of offices in the Medical Arts building (with *two* nurses) with every purchase of \$25.00 or more.

A.G.T.

We remember the days when "Blotto" was a game—not a condition.

---

Thyroidectomy—  
Slip of the knife  
Cuts the recurrent—  
Silence for life.

\* \* \*

Focal infection,  
Swollen glands  
Endocarditis  
Strep. viridans.

---

#### TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR

Reprinted from the *Ozark Daily Herald*

Said Major Moore, speaking at the centenary celebration of Ozark, "We are fortunate in having for mayor a man of Colonel James' capabilities. It is almost entirely due to his untiring personal efforts and to his magnetic personality, that the copulation of our municipality has gradually increased over the last fifteen years."

### *Medical Students!*

We manufacture and supply Surgical Instruments at  
reasonable prices.



**SURGICAL SUPPLIES (CANADA) LTD.**

**25 DUNDAS SQUARE, TORONTO**

**EL. 1881**

PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS



ON SECOND THOUGHT I THINK I'LL HAVE MY BREAKFAST IN BED

Said a zealous young medic named Rolls,  
 "As we always term Poland folk "Poles",  
 I'm more than inclined  
 With my medical mind,  
 To designate Holland's sons "Holes."

Let Flowers Express Your Personal Greetings—They Will Bring Joy and Gladness

**LITTLE GREY FLOWER SHOPPE**  
 (MISS MEACHEM)

**Cor. BAY and COLLEGE STREETS - TORONTO**

**Phone ELgin 4542 - Nite HA. 9730**

Telegraph Delivery Service Member

Whose Birthday Comes This Month?



### FOURTH YEAR RECALLS FIRST YEAR

Biology is supposed to be the study of life but it's not very lively; in fact it's quite dead, especially the rabbit which is a small animal with fur that's good to wipe a scalpel on. But, even though it's small it has a lot inside it, but you don't know much about that except copying drawings of it. There is a book called the Bunny Book which is all about it and which they ask you questions on in an awful thing called a quiz. A skate is a kind of fish, very flat except it's smell which is very high. Amphioxus is something which you get mixed up with Epistaxis except that you can see through it. And then there's Genetics, which is how a black guinea pig and a white guinea pig have three black babies and one white baby and how sometimes two black guinea pigs can have white babies and then somebody wonders what the hell. There's a lot more in Biology but it's not very interesting, either.

Physics is something which you have to learn the relationship of medicine to. It tells all about levers and sounds and electricity and light and things and stuff which medicine apparently has a lot of and does a lot with. A lever is a stick with a fulcrum and you apply a force to it and something moves and then you have to do some mathematics to see how fast it moved. Electricity can be static like cat's fur and an ebonite rod or kinetic like a motor. It is in the basement of the Physics Building. Light is something where you stick pins in cardboard around a glass prism to find out where the rays go to. Mechanics is very complicated, but we didn't learn enough to remember anything about it as our last year's lab book was a very good one.

The best physic is  $\text{MgSO}_4$  but that's Chemistry.

Chemistry tells you how to find out what is in things, except the most interesting things, but that's a different subject and maybe we'll mention it some place else. Chemical things are like Unknown Solution No. 34. You put things into a test tube which you heat and if it doesn't break you see colours and each colour means something different and you look it up in the manual and while you do this everything boils over and all the Unknown Solution No. 34 is gone and they won't give you any more and anyway you're too tired to do it all over so you make a guess and go home or some place else.

G.D.T.

The  
**Lantern Tea Rooms**  
5 WILLCOCKS ST.

—  
THE MOST POPULAR  
PLACE FOR STUDENTS  
—

QUALITY FOOD  
AT MODERATE PRICES



Everything in  
**ATHLETIC  
SUPPLIES**

IN CANADA'S  
FINEST  
SPORT  
SHOP



*Special Discount to Medical Students*

**HARRY KENNEDY**

113 King Street West, Toronto

An astounding child-specialist Brown,  
 Made a statement to startle our town,  
 "One look at the faeces  
 From the young of our species,  
 And I'll track it's grandparents down."

### A DIAGNOSTIC PROBLEM

(Tune: "You Can't Stop Me from Dreaming")

You can keep me,  
 In bed all day,  
 With my complexion  
 Of cafe au lait;  
 You can feed me drugs, Doc, that's O.K.,  
 But my big spleen is here to stay.  
 You can't stop me from dying.

I've got clubbing  
 Of my fingers,  
 I've got nodes here  
 You call Osler's.  
 I've anemia and petechiae,  
 And I'm riddled with emboli,  
 You can't stop me from dying.

In eighteen months or less,  
 I'll leave this mess,  
 In heaven on high,  
 I'll meet you bye and bye.

I've got green strep  
 In my blood stream.  
 I had rheumatics  
 At sweet sixteen.  
 With an active endocarditis here,  
 I'll be better lying in my bier.  
 You can't stop me from dying.

DAN LEVY, 3T8.

At Banting they collect in a ewer—  
 Which seems quite decidedly newer,  
 Than the old-fashioned way  
 That was used in my day  
 Of simply flushing it all down the sewer.

## • MUSIC MANAGEMENT •

has had the responsibility of supplying the music or floor shows for the following  
 University dances during 1937-1938:

- Medical At-Home (Duke Ellington)
- Hart House Masquerade
- Ontario College of Pharmacy
- Dental At-Home
- Vic At-Home
- School At-Home

68 King Street E.

BERT MITFORD

WA. 1169





Shatiro

SANTA CLAUS: What do you want most—an electric train, a toy aeroplane, an Erector set, a sailboat, or a bicycle?

ARCADE FLORIST

LIMITED

FLOWERS for All Occasions

Main Store, 5-7 Yonge St. Arcade,  
EL. 5211

Design Work  
a Specialty

Delivery Anytime, Anywhere

Branch Store, 13 Bloor St. West,  
KI. 3374

Flowers Telegraphed to all parts of  
the world at shortest notice

COMPLIMENTS

Heintzman & Co., Ltd.

PIANOS

195 Yonge Street

### THE BARTENDER'S OATH



I swear by O'Keefe's, by Seagram's, by Gooderham and Wort's, and by all the brewers and distillers, that I will carry out, until my elbow be ankylosed, this oath and this indenture.

To regard my companions in this art as equal to anything: to make them partners in all my crocks, and when they are flat to set them up a round: to teach them any new drink which I might concoct, without soaking them a sou for it: but not to every Tom, Dick and Harry who drops in for a slug.

I will use my liquor to help the sick at heart, the love-lorn and the mugg who got "supped" in Pathology but I will never slip anyone a Mickey Finn.

I will not serve rot-gut booze, hoppy hootch or bathtub gin even to heels who won't pay the price. Similarly I will not spike a woman's drink to cause her to weaken. But with purest Scotch and with finest ingredients will I mix my cocktails and my highballs.

I will not serve drinks polluted with too much soda but will leave that to the soda-jerking drug clerks and such as are craftsmen therein.

Into whatsoever room I enter I will do so bearing drinks and will not be the cause of any disappointments. And I will not make passes at my patrons or at their girl friends.

Whatsoever I may see or hear over the bar (or under the table) that ought to be kept low, I will not spill, even for the sake of a sawbuck.

I will always keep on hand a good supply of tomato juice and Bromo-Seltzer and I will not recommend to any unfortunate any "remedy" to cause amusement either for myself or for others.

I will take all tips, big or small, as a gentleman, and will not cut down on whiskey because of a small one. Nor will I point out the man who always slips me a turkey.

G.D.T.



*Compliments*

**DIANA SWEETS**

**188 BLOOR STREET WEST**

**187 YONGE STREET**





## A BUCK WELL SPENT

Jack and Jill  
Went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water—  
Of all possible 'excuses  
That's surely not the best  
Because I saw them give to Jill  
The Ascheim-Zondeck test.

A.G.T.

Said enterologist Wilson Ba,  
To a patient with colonic delay,  
“Just let me inject some  
Ba in your rectum,———  
I have to rule out Ca.

# Tony Benedetto

## BARBER SHOP

Joe Tony

Ha! Ha!

We are not poets,  
We don't pretend to be,  
But we are Master Barbers  
From Sunny Italy.

*Courtesy Sanitation Service*

320 Bloor W., opp. U.T.S.

# Curb Cigar Store

## Corner

## College & Bay Streets

## SODA FOUNTAIN and LUNCH COUNTER

## Cigars, Cigarettes, Magazines

## PUZZLE CONTEST

INFAMOUS SAYINGS BY FAMOUS PEOPLE (OR VICE VERSA)

OR


WHO SAID WHICH

1. "By and large, surgery is as simple as A B C"
2. "If I had a piece of chork I could drawr an amoeber"
3. "And that means what?"
4. "Make a note of that, Miss Simpson"
5. "I'll bet you one million dollars . . . . ."
6. "And so he went to England with the day nurse and came back in six months and married the night nurse"
7. "The best obstetrical instrument ever invented is a long black cigar"
8. "You haven't got the brains of a canary"

Mail your answers in care of this magazine together with a complete urinalysis on three of the editor's patients (apply ward H) or a reasonable facsimile of the same.

Prizes will be distributed at the Daffydil Banquet by Frank O'Leary under the head table.

Names are to be selected from the following list: Dr. Paddy Lewis, Professor Eric Linell, Professor Duncan Graham, Professor William Boyd, Dr. Roscoe Graham, Dr. G. W. Howland, Dr. Frank O'Leary, Dr. John Oille.



RAIN  
BROS.

FOR ALL YOUR

MEDICAL BOOKS  
SCIENTIFIC BOOKS  
FACULTY  
STATIONERY  
LEATHER  
NOTE BOOKS  
BOND PAPER  
REFILLS

Free Premiums

RAIN BROS.

353 Yonge Street

AD. 1361
AD. 6828

*Open Evenings*
*We Deliver*

Osteology  
To Oswald Jones  
Means a session  
With the bones.

The bones he studies  
Are rather rare  
They have black spots  
And are a pair.

They turn up sixes  
When he bets  
And calloused knees  
Is all he gets.

There are two morals  
To this tale  
One—Oswald's surely  
Gonna fail.

And here's the second  
Which is no joke—  
Poor Oswald's always  
Fully broke.





# Drips From The Beer Keg

## Toasts

To urology—Down the drain!  
 To ophthalmology—Here's mud in your eye!  
 To gynaecology—Two fingers, please!  
 To physical examination—Here's looking at you!  
 To collections—Check!  
 To proctoscopy—Bottoms up!

\* \* \*

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
 She didn't have any children,  
 She knew what to do.

\* \* \*

Mary wanna.

\* \* \*

"Doctah", said a coloured lady, "Ah's come to ask if you be gwine to give Rastus another of dem mustard plasters, cos he says to ask you kin he have a slice of ham wid it. It's pow'ful hot alone."

\* \* \*

Doctor—You must avoid all kinds of excitement.

Patient (male)—Can't I even look at them in the streets?"

\* \* \*

Hysterical paralysis  
 Comes from the way we think  
 But our type, on analysis  
 Comes from the stuff we drink.





DOCTOR: IF IT WEREN'T THAT YOU SHOULD STAY AWAY FROM BUSINESS,  
I'D SEND YOU TO BED FOR TWO WEEKS

A medic at college named Preece,  
Weighed down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s,  
Collapsed from the strain;  
Said his doctor, "Tis plain  
You are killing yourself by degrees."

## MacMILLAN'S PHARMACY

JOHN A. MacMILLAN

PRESCRIPTION  
SPECIALIST

264 Bloor Street West  
Phone Kingsdale 2627

For Faster  
Service from 8 a.m.  
to midnight

Phone RA. 6789

**Macdonald Drugs**

**20 Harbord St.**



## OWED TO A MAY MOON

Tune: O My Darling, Clementine.

At the Western, in the Alix,  
While the world was all asleep,  
Sat a student with a patient,  
And his yawns were loud and deep.

Suddenly he started wildly,  
"Call the students out of bed,  
Ring the case bell in a hurry—  
Here's the top of baby's head!

"Call the nurses, call them quickly,  
Get the internes out of bed,  
Here's the baby, come and get it,  
Or you'll find it in the bed!

"Pressure, Pressure, get the stretcher!  
Membranes ruptured an hour ago,  
Put her under with the ether,  
To the case-room she must go."

Sterile towels, rubber gloves,  
Draped the patient just in time.  
Sleepy interne to the rescue,  
Gets scrubbed up all fit to shine.

Said the Senior, roused from slumber,  
"Give her ether with each pain—  
Just bear down a little harder,  
Or we'll be up all night again!"

"Oh, my God! Here comes the baby!"  
Cried the student with great joy,  
"Slap its back and get it crying,  
Wupper Dupper! It's a boy!"

Expressed placenta, fuss all over,  
And the world again asleep,  
Sat the student—holding fundus,  
And his yawns were loud and deep.  
ANONYMOUS MEDETTE.

---

"A cure for constipation is to place the feet on a small stool."

---

Little brandy  
  Little rye,  
Little liver,  
  When you die.  
Amber ale  
  Aged in oak;  
Hardened arteries  
  When you croak.  
Golden beer,  
  Frothy head;  
Atheroma  
  'Ere you're dead.

Pollute your brain  
  With demon rum;  
Apoplexy  
  And you're done.  
Lap up liquor—  
  All you're able;  
Bye and bye  
  Autopsy table.  
So drink your gin,  
  Have your fun,  
You'll get no more  
  When you're done.  
G.D.T.

---

There was a good man of Durham  
Who was startled by passing a worrum  
And said, "This may be  
A live part of me,  
So I guess I'd better interr'm."

### Grads Restaurant

*Serving*

Breakfast, Dinner, Supper,  
Evening Lunch - Soda Fountain

**179 College Street**

Just West of McCaul

*Compliments  
of  
Campus  
Coffee Shop*



1st KID—"GEE, SHE MUST FEEL HURT."

2nd KID—"YETH! SHE'S SURE GOT HER WRATH UP!!"

---

### CLEAN FOR THE DEAN

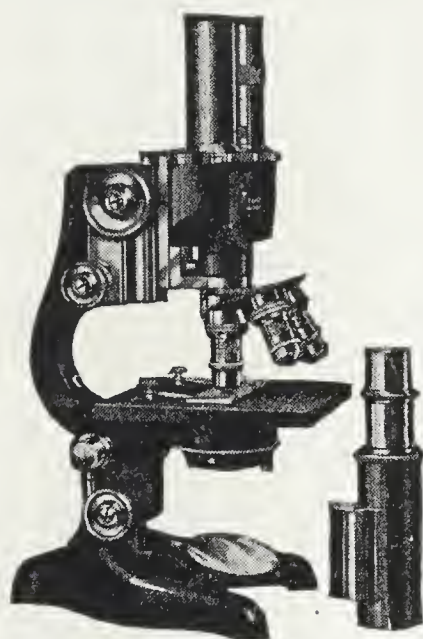
*This page may be used for phone numbers, recipes, lecture notes, comments on this magazine, comments on Daffydil night, and phone numbers.*



# STUDENTS, INTERNES and PHYSICIANS SUPPLIES

*Instrument, Equipment, Pharmaceuticals*

**J. STEVENS & SON CO. Ltd.**  
145 Wellington St. W. Toronto, Ont.



## "LEITZ" MEDICAL MICROSCOPES

Your Success in Medicine will depend not only upon your training and ability, but also upon the quality and precision of your equipment.

Choose a "Leitz" Microscope and be assured of a life-time of service.

**WALTER A. CARVETH & Co.**

TORONTO

*Canadian Distributors*

COMPLIMENTS

**DOUG. LAURIE**

**Brown's Sport & Cycle Company**  
Limited

345 YONGE ST.

Phone WA. 2337

PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS





# Almonds...

*and first known in Southwestern Asia*

THE origin of the almond is a matter of conjecture, so long has it been known. It is supposed to be a native of Southwestern Asia and the Mediterranean region. There are two types, the bitter and sweet. The bitter almond appears to be the original, the sweet may have been an accidental variety. Today the latter is grown extensively in Southern Europe and in California. The almond was known

in England in the 11th century as the "Eastern Nutte-Beam." It is used to some extent in medicinal and other preparations, but the nuts are chiefly used for eating. There are hard shell, soft shell and some specially thin-shelled varieties known as paper shells. The long almonds of Malaya, known as Jordan almonds and the broad almonds of Valencia are the most valued.

*Neilson's use only the finest selected almonds in their confections. For example, the Burnt Almond Bar—the aristocrat of all Chocolate Bars—contains the choicest of freshly roasted almonds and rich, delicious French style chocolate. You'll enjoy it—any time.*

## Neilson's

THE BEST CHOCOLATE MADE



HS37B